

Love in a Hurry

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SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Hall laughed jeeringly. "Can't he! You don't know Uncle John! He was the most unmitigated bore that ever breathed. Talk about cranks! He never did approve of me—too 'artistic.' And I was fool enough to try to be independent. Result, I have to take photographs for a living. Why, Flodie, he's just as likely to have left me a dime with a hole in it, and let it go at that!"

Flodie sighed in sympathy, and said, "Well, those bills must be paid in any case! And there's just seventy-seven cents in the cash box!"

"Good Lord, is it as bad as that? Well, we'll have to collect a few bills in a hurry." Hall appeared to dismiss the subject.

But Flodie was not to be dismissed. Well she knew his procrastination. "They're all collected, Mr. Bonistelle!" she protested; "every last one! You can trust me to attend to that! And I've had to sit up and beg like a French poodle, too!"

Hall, walking back and forth, seemed not to be listening, but suddenly he turned to his assistant with a queer expression. He walked up to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"See here, Flodie, have you taken out your salary regularly every week? Now, don't you try to fib!" Flodie tried to pull away but it was too delicious. "Oh, I don't know," she mumbled. "Not for two or three weeks, perhaps. That's all right." Now it was she who caught hold of his arm.

"But I wanted to tell you something, Mr. Bonistelle—if you wouldn't mind—if you just let me—"

"What?" he demanded suspiciously. "Oh, only—if you'd be willing—really I'd like to, you know—you know I've saved up a little money, Mr. Bonistelle—and, well, it might help you temporarily—till you could—"

Hall threatened her with savage playfulness. "Flodie Fisher," he said determinedly, "if you ever dare to mention such a thing to me again, I'll—I'll discharge you!" He took a turn up and down the room as she waited, watching him. "By jove, it does look as if I'd have to go to work!" Then he turned to her gloomily. "Well, anything else for this afternoon?"

"No," said Flodie, "but you have to develop and print, you know. There's lots of work for you in the dark room. And then, we've got to get ready for that expensive old party."

Hall scratched his head. "Heavens, I'd forgotten all about it."

"Of course you have, but I haven't; I've attended to everything: Music, caterer—and decorations—furious old nonsense it was too. I don't see how you can afford it, Mr. Bonistelle. Really I don't!" Flodie was very stern.

"It's business, Flodie—keeps the women curious. Makes 'em talk! Oh, well," Hall tossed it off his mind. "We'll get along somehow. Well, run along, Flo, now; I suppose I've got to get ready to preside at this altar of vanity. Good Lord! How I dread it! Flo, I honestly believe a photographer knows more of the actual truth about women than a doctor or a priest!"

Flodie gave him an indulgent smile. "Mr. Bonistelle, I want to tell you

something. All three of them put together know mighty little!" So saying, she gave him a prim curtsy and retired to the office.

CHAPTER II.

Hall laughed and then stood thoughtful for a few moments, smoking airily, blowing rings. Then he took off his dressing gown, put on his coat, and had turned to his camera when Flodie came back.

"There's a desperate old flirt out there to see you, Mr. Bonistelle—Mr. Doremus."

"Doremus?" Hall searched his memory. "What does he look like—a bill collector?"

"No, he's just a nice old man with a side-whisker effect, trimmed with a gold chain in scallops, and he stares at you over the top of his glasses."

Hall sighed. "Well, have him in. I'll settle him!"

Mr. Doremus, grave and precise, looked about for a chair, and sat down deliberately. He searched in the inside pocket of his frock coat as he said pompously: "H'm. I took the first opportunity to communicate with you, Mr. Bonistelle. Unluckily, however, I could not get you on the telephone this morning." Still his hand groped in his pocket, like a dog at a woodchuck's hole.

"No?" Hall remarked impatiently. "I suppose I wasn't up."

Doremus brought forth a long envelope. Solemnly he spoke, looking over the tops of the rubber bows: "Mr. Bonistelle, I have the honor of being the attorney for the estate of your uncle, the late John Beasley Bonistelle."

A mental thunderbolt struck the room, and Hall, shocked and frightened, could only gasp. "Er—is there any news about the will, Mr. Doremus? Here, have a cigar!"

Doremus looked up and nodded gravely. "Yes, the will has been found, Mr. Bonistelle, at last!" He tapped the paper in his hand. "It was discovered this morning at eight twenty-seven o'clock. You see I have been prompt, sir."

Hall restrained an overwhelming curiosity. "Where did you find it?" he asked faintly.

"Ah, curious. Most curious. An eccentric man, your uncle, Mr. Bonistelle. It was found in his library. In fact, if you will believe me, between the leaves of his own book—I mean, of course, the one he wrote himself—'Race Suicide and How to Prevent It.' I believe it is called. I have not yet had the pleasure of reading it."

Mr. Doremus stopped, and gave the young man a steady inspection. "I understand that you will be twenty-eight upon the fourth of May, Mr. Bonistelle. Am I correct?"

"Yes. Tomorrow. Why?"

Mr. Doremus solemnly held up his hand. "Wait!" he commanded. "Let me, before I go through the whole document, read this one clause."

Flodie, peeping through the door, was breathlessly listening. Hall was growing white.

"Er—here it is," Mr. Doremus proceeded to read soberly. "The residue of my estate I leave to my beloved nephew, Hall Cutler Bonistelle, on condition that he is married before he reaches the age of twenty-eight years."

"Oh, I knew it! Well, it's all up then—just my luck!"

"If, however, at the beginning of his twenty-eighth birthday he is still unmarried, this residue shall be the property of my beloved cousin, Jonas Hassingbury, as a testimony to our youthful friendship," Mr. Doremus looked up.

Hall was scowling. "Let's see it!" he demanded, and he took the instrument, and read the clause over to himself, while Mr. Doremus' eyes drifted slowly about the apartment. "How much will the residuary legatee receive?" Hall asked weakly.

"Oh, upward of four millions, I expect," said Mr. Doremus with unction.

him it was nearly twelve o'clock."

"That is interesting," said the reporter, "but it is hardly worth giving to the public. It seems to lack point."

"But I haven't come to the point, and I can't come to it unless you ask me for the reason for his late staying."

"Well, what was the reason?" the reporter asked.

"I am," she replied.

Power of Lightning.

Lightning has been proved to have struck a building with a force equal to more than 12,000 horse-power. A single horse-power, in mechanical calculation, is equivalent to raising a weight of 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. The force of lightning, therefore, has been proved to be equal to the raising of 396,000,000 pounds one foot in a minute. This is equal to the united power of twelve of our largest steamers, having collectively twenty-four engines of 500-horsepower each. The velocity of electricity is so great that it would travel round the world eight times in a second.

"And I lose all that, just because I'm a single man!" Hall dropped. Imp and gloomy, into a chair.

Mr. Doremus bowed soberly. "Your uncle held strong views, Mr. Bonistelle. He firmly believed in marriage. He thought it a duty. He maintained high ideals for the future of the race."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried Hall, "I know all about that. Didn't Uncle John talk me to death on the subject? Why didn't he get married himself?"

"An unfortunate love-affair, I understand, prevented his putting his own theories into practice," said Doremus. "I think—mind, I do not say so positively—but it is possible that, had you—knowing, you understand, his peculiar theories—"

"Acted accordingly?" said Hall. "Married on the chance of becoming his heir? Bright idea! But it's too late now. Lord!"

"It is, as you say, too late, practically, I presume," Mr. Doremus remarked, "but, legally, I must remind you that the time has not yet expired. You have until midnight, you understand, in which to qualify for the inheritance. Much has been done in fourteen hours, Mr. Bonistelle."

"Fourteen hours!" Hall repeated. "Why, fourteen days would be little enough time. You can't put a thing like marriage through on a time schedule, you know, can you?"

"I confess I do not know," said Mr. Doremus, rising.

Hall sat in a brown study, regarding his boots, as Mr. Doremus prepared to leave. Flodie, her eyes bright with



"I Took the First Opportunity to Communicate With You."

excitement, tiptoed back into the office.

Mr. Doremus deposited the paper upon the table. "Well, I shall leave you this copy to inspect at your leisure. You may not be aware that I am a justice of the peace, Mr. Bonistelle. I shall be quite willing to accommodate you, should you find a bride. I think I could perform as creditable a ceremony as any clergyman—at half price!" He chuckled at the idea.

Hall, in no mood for jests, rose and followed him. "Where's Cousin Jonas—Mr. Hassingbury?" he asked. "Lord, he ought to be a happy man, about now!"

Mr. Doremus paused. "I took the first opportunity of telegraphing to Mr. Hassingbury," he said, "informing him of the provisions of J. B. Bonistelle's will. I requested his immediate appearance in town, and I have no doubt that he will arrive here some time during the day."

"Think of that old hypocrite getting all that money!" Hall exclaimed. "Lord it makes me ill—he'll be a thousand times more disgusting than ever,

with his religious bosh and his charity talk!"

Mr. Doremus lifted an eloquent finger. "As an executor, you understand I must preserve an attitude of strict impartiality," he admonished. "At the same time, in my private capacity, I confess that I am on the side of youth. Four millions—ah, one could indulge one's youthful dreams!" He shook his head sentimentally. "Si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait!"

Hall watched him, half-amused. "Say, Doremus, you're all right!" Mr. Doremus was looking over his shoulder to get a glimpse of Flodie. Hall had an idea. "I say," he suggested, "why not come around here tonight, and we'll have a wake over my lost inheritance. I'm giving a small party, you know, just a few of my clients, and an actress or two—"

"Well, well! It might remind me of old times," Mr. Doremus offered his hand. "I think I shall come. It may renew my youth. Ah, Mr. Bonistelle, you might not believe it, but I've waited at the stage door myself, in my time!"

"I'll bet you have, old sport! and got away with it, too," said Hall, laughing. "Come along, then, I'll set them on you!"

"But meanwhile, don't forget that I'm a justice of the peace!" Mr. Doremus gave Hall a poke in the ribs, grinned, bowed and went out, with a youngish smile at Flodie as he flourished through the office.

No sooner was the door shut than Hall Bonistelle exploded. "Well, Flodie, it's all up! It's back to the farm for mine! Isn't that just my luck?"

A lively hope had blossomed in Flodie's heart. She was pale and trepid. "I couldn't quite hear," she answered, dissembling; "what was it?"

"Four and a half million dollars gone to the devil just by a fluke—that's all! By jove, it's an outrage!"

Flodie stood twisting her hands nervously. "You don't mean you're going to let that—?" Flodie stopped just in time; her mind had run away with her lips. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle, I mean you don't mean that mean old Jonas Hassingbury's going to get that money."

"Yes, confound him! The psalm-singing, holier-than-thou old hypocrite! Four millions, Flodie! Think of it! Good Lord, isn't it ferocious? And if that will had only been found when Uncle John died—but Lord, what's the use of talking." He walked doggedly back into the studio, and gave a vicious swing to his camera.

Flodie Fisher followed him in, then stood looking at him pensively. She spoke slowly, softly, deliberately. "Why don't you go ahead and get the money, Mr. Bonistelle?"

"Get the money? How?"

"Why, get married!" Flodie turned suddenly crimson.

"Why, who in the world would have me?"

Flodie swallowed down a lump in her throat. "Oh," she said, "I'm sure there's some nice girl who'd be so proud to marry you, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Well, I don't know how I'm to find her—and I've got deuced little time to look. Why, do you realize that I've only got till midnight to do the whole thing in?" He went up to her. "And do you imagine that any woman would want to be married in that way?"

"Oh, when you're in love, it doesn't matter how soon—"

"A hurricane wooing, eh? By jove, I wonder—" He stared at her with a new light in his eyes. "Say, you really think I could get away with it? Why, I never—"

"Oh, you could do anything, Mr. Bonistelle, I'm certain you could!"

"Do you know of any woman who'd have me—that quick?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They Looked the Same.

The Stenog—What's wrong, sir? The Boss—What I dictated was, "The trouble was caused by some damp fuel." I never use profane epithets in correspondence.—Puck.

you what, we'll quote it."

"Quote it from what?" I asked in amazement. "Oh, it does not matter; just simply quote it." Next morning the Freeman's Journal duly reported that the performance was "exquisitely" amusing.

Lighting Turin.

The city of Turin is occupied with the task of reorganizing the public lighting on a modern basis, and not less than \$400,000 will be employed for this purpose, the work to be carried out from 1914 to 1916. According to the plans, arc lamps will be used in all the main streets and avenues, also the public squares, while smaller streets are to be lighted by incandescent lamps. Flaming arcs in closed globes will be used. About 3,000 lamps of 2,000 candle power each will be installed. In some places incandescent lamps are used, some being of the 5,000 candle power type, and the rest of 100 or 200 candle power. These are much better than the present gas lamps, which give only 50 candle power. Current for the whole system comes from the municipal electric station.—Indianapolis News.

An aeroplane is said to be more valuable for scout duty than a regiment of cavalry.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

The average man is proud of his ability as a letter writer—until a few of them show up in a breach of promise suit.

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

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Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Past and Present.

Secretary of Agriculture Houston said in Washington the other day:

"What improvements we see in the country when we go there on our vacation! We see automobiles, telephones, player pianos, phonographs and even, among a few wealthy young farmers, biplanes."

"How different is this prosperity from the hardships of the past—from the days when a gaunt farmer would enter the general store of the district and pant, hungrily:

"'Gimme an egg's worth o' sugar—an' ye mout weigh out an egg's worth o' salt, too. The Plymouth Rock's a-cluckin'."

Saw Things Differently.

Hughie McNeff was exercised last year about his hay crop. The weather, though threatening, favored his efforts till he had succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbors. After seeing the last wisp of straw around his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air:

"Noo, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safe in, I think the world would be greatly the better o' a guld shower."

Not So Easy, After All.

"What was all dem gwines-on at yo' residence yiste'd'y evenin', Brudder Moch? Sounded like a fight uh-twixt a camp meetin' and a catamount!"

"Dat? Aw, shucks, sah! Dat was on'y de gentleman fum de furniture 'stallment sto', c'lectin' his easy payments."—Judge.

What He Might Do.

A man dropped into a cafe one afternoon and saw his Scotch friend Sandy standing at the bar indulging in "a lone one." He walked up to the bar and greeted Sandy.

"Will you have another one with me?"

"No, thank you," said Sandy, "but you can pay for this one if you will."

Sure.

Hicks—Is he a man of good judgment?

Wicks—Excellent. He often asks me for advice, and invariably follows it.

The bearded lady in the sideshow always has a lot of competition in the audience.

BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion."

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it."

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body."

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASON

Fair Co-ed's Explanation of Caller's Late Stay Seemed Eminently Satisfactory.

The telephone rang, and the voice of an Ohio State university "co-ed" said, "Hello! Do you know who is talking?"

"Of course," was the reply. "I recognize the charming qualities of your voice."

"Huh!" she said.

"Have you a good story for today?"

"What will I get if I give you a good story?"

"If it is a good one, you will get your name in print."

"Huh!" she again eloquently remarked.

"Talking?" asked central, breaking in.

"Of course I am talking," said the "co-ed," and then she continued to the reporter: "The story is about a young man who took me to a picture show. When we returned he stayed so late that my mother had to call from the top of the stairs and tell

FOND OF QUOTATION MARKS

Irish Editor Thought Them Protection Against Libel Suit and Excuse for Eccentric Style.

Judge Bodkin's book of reminiscences contains many good things. Among them is his description of one of the editors under whom he served, John B. Gallagher, who is said never to have read a book in his life. It was he, says the Dublin General Advertiser, who revised the reporter's copy and mercilessly mutilated the manuscript.

He had one curious delusion. He fancied that inverted commas were a protection against a libel action, and stranger still, an excuse for any eccentricities of style. On one occasion Mr. Bodkin, in describing a theatrical performance, wrote that it was "exquisitely amusing." "Old G." cocked his head critically on one side. "I don't like that word exquisite," he said. "All right, sir," I answered, "I'll strike it out."

"No, no; it's a good enough word, but it's a little unusual there. Tell